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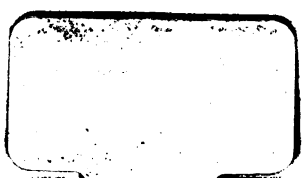

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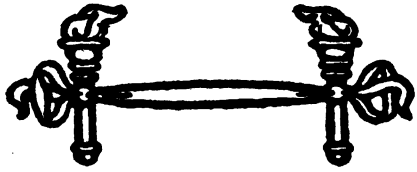
Septimus Winner

Cogitations of a Crank

at Three Score Years and Ten



By

Septimus Winner

Author of

"Listen to the Mocking Bird"

"How Sweet are the Roses, Etc"

KF 1934

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Preface

This little volume is presented to you, not as a literary production of great merit, but as indicative of the thought and temperament of a man who has done much to impress his individuality on a past generation.

It has been said of the author "that while his verses are frequently crude, yet time and time again, in their simple earnestness, they appeal to the affections and emotions of a multitude of his countrymen."

Septimus Winner

Septimus Winner, the author of the following pages, and composer of "Listen to the Mocking Bird," that charming bit of melody which has become as much of a "Folksong," as anything the United States has turned out, was born in Philadelphia May 11, 1827.

When still a boy, circumstances brought him to the Wyoming Valley near Wilkes-Barre, and it was while living there that young Winner undoubtedly obtained that love for Nature which became one of the ruling passions of his life.

He has spoken of his early days among the farms, of midnight rides across the hills, and of hunting parties penetrating far into the Poconos, and across the Indian trails which at that time traversed the mountains. The moonlight shining over the hills, the deep, dark shadows in the valleys; the verdant green of summer, and the white coat of snow in winter, each touched a responsive chord in his gentle, vibrant nature.

When he became of age, and his ambitions called him to take up the battle of existence in the cities, he naturally turned to the sympathy of music for his life work. His first effort at song writing was issued in 1850, under the title "How Sweet are the Roses." His greatest success, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," was composed in 1852.

Unlike the business man of to-day he could not direct the energies of others, but depended upon himself in all his work.

He would compose in solitude upon his violin, transpose to the piano, write the words of his song, and then taking up his engraving tools, work far into the night, until the plates of his composition were complete. The next day he would present to the public through his own store, his work of the previous night. Such a distributing power had its natural limitations, and it was the copyrights which he had sold outright that won for him renown.

"Give Us Back Our Old Commander! Little Mac, the People's Pride," sung by one hundred thousand Union soldiers on the banks of the Potomac, and for three days echoing through the land, brought the heavy hand of power upon poor Winner's head. He like many another citizen sympathized with George B. McClellan, as a fellow Philadelphian, when the displeasure of the Administration fell upon the General.

McClellan had been deposed from the command of the Army of the Potomac, had been restored to it after the ignominious failure of Pope at the second battle of Bull Run, and had not only shown at South Mountain and Antietam some of the qualities of a fighting general, but had thereby virtually saved the national capitol

from falling into the hands of the Confederates.

Sep. Winner had not the slightest thought of disloyalty when publishing the song, and afterward readily gave his assurance not to further encourage the circulation of the verses.

A general order had been issued to the army prohibiting the singing of the verses, but the song, or rather the title, made a lasting impression on McClellan's sympathizers, and indeed, became a fixed part of our political vocabulary. Strangely enough this title was used as a rallying cry of the stalwarts of the Republican party, years afterward, when they prosecuted their formidable canvass for the nomination of General Grant for a third term in the Presidency. Curious enough it is that the words, "Give Us Back Our Old Commander," when applied to McClellan, meant treason, according to the Lincoln Administration, but became the highest proof of patriotism a few years later when applied to Grant.

Another side of Sep. Winner's character is shown by his humorous melodies. Who is there who has not laughed at the plight of the Deutcher clamoring loudly:

> "Oh where! Oh where! ish mine little dog gone,
> Oh where! Oh where! Can he be?

And then to find the missing animal,

> "With his ears cut short, and his tail cut long."

Or again, who has not been amused at the gradual decimation of the—

"Ten little Injuns, going out to dine,
One choked himself to death and then
there were nine."

And so on until but one solitary representative is left

"One little Injun, living all alone,
He got married and then there were
none."

But here again is the good humored, and optimistic encore

"Happy Injun couple, living by the shore,
Raised a little family of ten Injuns more."

Then in different vein the beautiful melodies, "I Am Dreaming of the Loved Ones," "Whispering Hope" and "What Is Home Without a Mother?"

Sep. Winner could play on almost any musical instrument, although excelling on none. His musical instruction books numbered over two hundred, for twenty-three different instruments, and his musical arrangements extended into the thousands. In the latter years of his life he was unable to recall the exact number of his compositions, or the assumed names under which they had appeared. Such names as "Alice Hawthorne," "Percy Guyer," "Mark Mason," "Paul Stenton," "Marion Florence," "Leon Dore" and "Apsley

Street," were all familiar to the past generation, and are but a few of the noms de plume representing his musical efforts.

Sep. Winner for many years edited the musical department of Peterson's Magazine, and wrote for Graham's Magazine when Edgar Allen Poe was editor, and was later an acceptable contributor to the "Poets' Corner" in the Sunday Press of this city.

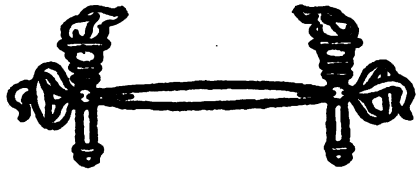
He was probably the oldest member of the Musical Fund Society at the time of his death, and had been connected with that organization for over fifty-five years. He held at various times the positions of secretary and treasurer of the Board of Music Trade, and director of the Musical Fund. His music stores were long the favorite haunts of singers and musicians, minstrels and the lovers of popular composition. Indeed, his sense of harmony and his intuitive sympathy with the thoughts and fancies of the plain people were sometimes productive of melodies that have touched the hearts of millions, and have survived the "works" of many a more pretentious composer.

All honor, therefore, to Septimus Winner, and his "Mocking Bird," and all consideration for the posthumous edition of his poems, the

"Cogitations of a Crank."

Cogitations of a Crank

at Three Score Years and Ten



'Tis my delight in revery,
While Fancy's breath, my floating mind,
Wafts o'er Imaginations sea,
To fly, and leave earth's scenes behind.

Emotional

GOD is the Architect of this vast world,
With secrets that no mind hath yet unfurled,
The glories of the firmament and land
Are all creations of His mighty hand.
Let him who dares to question such a power
Strive to create some living thing, or flower;
Not even gold, the height of men's desire,
Can they produce with elements and fire,
Nor motion that may prove perpetual
As man's ambitious efforts never shall.

Who taught the bird to build her cozy nest
To give her coming offspring warmth and rest?
Who taught the beast to seek the cooling shade
When torrid heats the sunny fields pervade?
Who taught the lamb to know its mother's bleat
When straying off with wild and truant feet?
These find the waters to allay their thirst,
The best of pastures from the very first,
Without the aid of man they feed and rest
Where nature's hand provides that which is best.

The horse his keeper knows to well obey;
The dog will ever with his master stay;
The kitten even plays in its delight
And licks the hand that feeds it, day and night.
They call this instinct, with a wise pretense,
More worthy of acknowledged common sense.

Who clothes the meadows in a garb of green
Adorned with weeds of bright and vivid sheen,
With buds and blossoms o'er the verdant patch
No human hand can counterfeit or match?

Emotional

Yet man, offending man will still deny
The Mighty One, who dwells, they say, "on high."
The one who gives in mercy all his share
In food and raiment, appetite and wear.
Deluded mortal, thou doth need the rod,
Or all through life unsatisfied to plod
In thus denying thy creator God.

A LITTLE anchor holds a mighty ship
With strong, effective power in its grip,
A tiny rudder guides its heavy form
And brings it safely through the calm and storm.

The love of God, deep seated in the soul
The acts of man will govern and control;
And like the anchor keep in steadfast trim
Through faith and grace, all confidence in Him.

The love of Christ well settled in the heart
(In His grand teachings if we take a part),
Will, like the rudder, help us brave the storm
Of passing life, or face without alarm.
On Him we may confide with faith and trust,
Well satisfied that He is truly just.

The gods that heathen worship, wood or stone,
Are only substitutes for one unknown,
But yet in them we ever find regard
For something higher than this world's reward.

Trim well thy vessel then, with anchor set
All ready to be dropped if danger's met.
The one who lives with true becoming grace
Shall find, at last, in Heav'n his resting place.

What is the vessel then, with anchor lost,
Or rudder gone, upon the waters tossed?
A wreck, indeed, to sink in sad distress
With none to mourn or e'er her fate to guess.

BENEATH the stars there is no rest,
For heavy hearts that are oppressed,
Like that beyond the sky;
Then hope and wait 'til life is o'er
And thou shalt reach that holy shore.
Where pleasures never die.
Then hope and wait 'til life is o'er
And thou shalt reach that holy shore.
Beneath the stars there is no joy
That sorrow cannot soon destroy
As days and months pass on;
But far beyond, we all may find
A home of rest for us designed,
When earthly cares are done.
But far beyond we all may find
A home of rest for us designed.
Beneath the stars, oh then prepare
To take thy final journey there
Where trials never come.

Emotional

And when at last thy days are o'er,
Thy soul shall never suffer more,
If Heaven is thy home.
And when at last thy days are o'er,
Thy soul shall never suffer more.

WHEN life is sweet and all is well,
When comfort fills our passing days,
Forget not Him who giveth peace
For "God is just" in all His ways.

Tho' troubles rack the good at heart
And sorrows long their shadows cast
Oh rest assured, we may rejoice
For "God is just," with peace at last.

When life wears out with suffering pain
And when the heart sinks in despair,
Remember Him in that sad hour,
For "God is just," and seek His care.

Tho' sin may thrive when life is gay
And wickedness give some content,
There comes a time, a fatal day,
For "God is just," with punishment.

When Death comes on with stealthy step
Our future state we need not fear
If we have lived a noble life,
For "God is just," and ever near.

OH Earth! thy scenes are glorious to my soul,
Thy many hues enchant me with their glow,
And as the moments with their changes roll,
Sweet is the rapture that I learn to know.
Oh Life! for thee alas, for thee alone
How much do I endure of needless pain,
But yet to Thee, Oh God, to Thee I own
I have not turned imploringly in vain.
To Thee, I look, and tho' with secret fear,
I call upon Thy great and holy name,
I feel that Thou art nigh me, ever here,
To cheer me with Thy warm and sacred flame,
What e'er the path Thou wouldst that I should tread,
O God, induce me to revere Thy word,
For in my Soul I know that Thou hath said,
The prayer in true sincerity is heard.
The bosom of the earth is soft as down,
The silken sod a pillow fresh and sweet,
The meadows fair, with daisies overgrown,
Are ever welcome to my straying feet;
The sparkling waters as they dash along
Make gladsome music to my listening ear,
Oh, give me then, the voice to breathe a song
Of praise to Thee, for all Thy favors here.
Oh! save me from the world's unwholesome ways,
Guide Thou my footsteps to the source of bliss,
Give me the tongue to sing Thy endless praise,
The nature to enjoy a world like this;
And may the prayer that ever from my soul
Is offered up, in secret hours, to Thee,
Awake Thy mercy, and insure the goal
Of happiness thro' all eternity.

Emotional

GOD is the Master of the universe,
The great Creator of all living things,
And man is but a mite exceeding small
Who cannot deign to change one given law.
He binds the waters with one mighty wall
That frail humanity dares not remove,
He sends the tempest with its awful force
That none can check nor venture to obstruct.

I gaze upon the earth about my path,
And smile with pleasure on the varied scene,
I see the Maker's mighty hand in all
And lift my heart in earnest thanks to Him.
The waters and the land spread far and wide,
Yet not an acre claim I as my own,
It matters not, no selfish grasping hand
Can hide His handiwork from human eyes.

The overlooking stars, that hang on high,
Tell of the great Almighty's perfect power,
They glisten as the diamonds of His crown
And none can blot them from the arch of Heaven.
I hear the songsters soaring overhead,
Their cheerful music, 'neath the varied skies;
I see the splendid flowers about my path,
And breathe their odor sweet, in ecstasy.
What if the cultured garden be fenced in,
The roadside and the meadows still must bloom;
The hills, the valleys and the woodlands yield
A thousand beauties free to every soul;
The great Jehovah ever gives to man
A multitude of blessings to enjoy,
And he who cannot these appreciate
Should not complain where others must rejoice.

How great is God, how grand His perfect work!
Far in the firmament bright worlds attest
The grandeur of His deeds made manifest.
We call them stars, which unto naked eyes
Present the same unalterable show;
Yet men have learned through study long and deep
To know their forms and journey through the skies.
But ah! how vain, how fruitless is the search
Of human minds, that seek to comprehend
The ways of Him who rules their destinies.
There is no spiritual instinct born
In mortal flesh to understand our life;
There is no lens through which the soul can search,
Or e'er discover aught that lies beyond;
Our short existence ends as vapors lift
And melt to nothing in the atmosphere;
We die untutored as we long have lived,
In this respect no wiser than we were.

Pastoral

Pastoral

I WANDERED along through the meadows in springtime,
I saw the bright daisies look up from the sod,
The odor of blossoms, by light breezes wafted,
Seemed telling the wonders and glory of God.
They said unto me, after life had been wasted,
I too should arise from my slumber at last,
And clothed as an angel, rejoice in the glory
That opens in heaven and closes the past.

The pastures with buttercups many and golden
Like banners were spread on the hills in the sun,
The face of the earth seemed a pathway to heaven
Left open and free, and denied unto none;
Like a sweet flowing alto the murmuring brooklet
Sang low to the song of the bird in the tree,
The clear blue of heaven came down on the waters
That spread to a river and flowed to the sea.

Again at the twilight as sunshine was fading
I wandered away o'er the scene low and still,
For a breeze from the north with a coldness pervading
Had blighted the earth with a breath blowing chill;
The buds were all blasted, the dewdrops were frozen,
The blossoms were wasted, like snowflakes they fell;
I asked in my sorrow, if thus we should suffer,
I waited in silence, for no one could tell.

Pastoral

Amid all the beauties and splendors of nature
  An oak, that was wither'd and dead to the core,
With limbs that were barren, and mouldy, and rotten,
  Stood shadowless, motionless, blooming no more;
The light of the sunshine, the warmth of the zephyrs,
  Brought not to its branches the leaves as of yore;
With a heart full of sadness I said in my sorrow,
  That man cannot know why ye blossom no more.

Its life was the shadow that fell in its season,
  But nothing immortal like man's with a soul,
Whose rest is his sleep from death to awaken,
  In grand resurrection when ages shall roll.
To this we are tutored, by parent and pastor,
  The savage and heathen, believe it as well,
What matters it then to the scoffer and scorner,
  If he die like a beast, without heaven or hell.

Grand Trees!

GRAND trees! companions in my solitude,
  How great thy presence in the lonely wood;
Thy lofty branches struggling to the sky
And limbs out-stretching toward the light on high.

Pastoral

A thing of beauty waving overhead,
With vigor in its life and room to spread;
Its shade gives comfort both to man and brute
When weary feet seek shelter at its root,
Its swinging branches rock the birds to rest
That seek their quarters for a cozy nest.

A thing of beauty, in its fullest sense
As every feature gives in evidence,
Its golden fruit to ripeness comes at last,
And offers unto man a sweet repast;
Its fallen leaves, when winter comes apace
Protects the dewy sod from frost's embrace,
And when its days are o'er and dead at last,
It brings a sweet remembrance of the past.

There is a language in the voice of trees,
Go listen as they lift to kiss the breeze;
And sigh not ever when the heart is sad
With their companionship to make thee glad.
Sweet trees, what pleasure all may know and see
Who choose to find in thee fond company.
How slow the change that years unto thee bring,
With life renewed each sure and passing spring.

We leave thy presence for another clime,
And on return note not the change of time,
Tho' friends and neighbors may have passed
away,
With other objects gone to sure decay,
Thy noble features like the hills around
With nature's beauties and her charms abound.
How cold the heart that finds not true delight
Beneath thy branches when the day is bright;
Go seek the woods when sorrows may intrude,
Enjoy the rapture found in solitude.

Pastoral

GO rest awhile within the quiet wood,
And watch the beetle seeking for its food,
The wily chipmunk leap from tree to tree,
Forgetful of its own timidity.
The busy ant, with burden toiling on,
Providing for some future day anon.

The cheerful bird with song from bough to bough,
In fearless flight the high, suspicious crow,
The katy-did, the locust all unseen,
With constant voice make vocal all the green.

The shady brooklet with a gentle tone
Goes singing on through regions dark and lone,
The merry cricket chirps to its desire
With heavy bass the frog joins nature's choir.

The modest violet and many flowers
That bloom in season thro' the passing hours,
And make the lonely spot a paradise.
A pleasure for the heart and smiling eyes:
These are the charms that nature's hand prepares
For those who in their hearts her bounty shares.

And yet withal the music of the birds,
The voice of insects, sweeter far than words,
The gentle rustle of the leaves to hear
Is dearer far, unto the list'ning ear.

Pastoral

GO, tiny ant, I would not crush thee, no!
Thy life is all to thee, as mine to me;
Whatever service to the earth thou art,
He who created us, the secret knows.
I watch thee gather substance to maintain
That little form, so wonderfully wrought—
And know the Master made thee not in vain,
But for some hidden purpose brought thee forth.
And why should I destroy thee when the hand
So mighty in its power, bid thee live.
Sing on, sweet bird, fear not my presence here,
I would not harm a feather of thy wing;
It is a joy to have thee hover near,
A perfect pleasure, but to hear thee sing.
What were the lonely woods to rove among
Without thy sweet companionship and song.
O cruel man that thou shouldst e'er destroy
The fondest gifts that nature hath bestowed;
Ah, thoughtless maids, why should'st thou deign
to wear
Such precious plumage to assert thy pride.

One tuneful warbler hidden in the leaves
Gives joy to him whose ear the song receives,
A score displayed for ornament or show
Yields not the charm, one living, can bestow.
"A sparrow falleth not" upon the sod
Without the notice of its maker—God:
In Holy Writ, this truth is plainly told,
And holdeth good, as in the days of old.

Pastoral

THE dead leaves fall, and one by one
Are wafted far at ev'ry turn;
Through naked limbs the autumn sun
Shines down upon the faded fern;
The spring is gone, the summer o'er,
And yet the air is fresh and sweet,
For on the breeze an odor comes
Of crush'd leaves 'neath my truant feet.
Each season has its own delight
To cheer the heart or glad the eye—
The spring is fair, the summer bright
And autumn brings her golden sky.

The tinted leaves that fall around,
The faded flower that hangs its head,
The withered grass, the frosted ground,
Tell when the summer's sweets are dead;
The lonely woods swept by the gale
Are silent, too; the air is chill,
The birds are gone from hill and dale,
The very fields are lone and still!
And yet there is a lurking charm
About the sad October day
That stirs the heart with rapture warm
'Til winter drives the spell away.

The haunts of late, we sought for shade
Are tempered by cool breezes now,
The sunshine bright is welcome made
That struggles through each barren bough.
The butterflies and flowers we meet
No fairer tints in summer show,
Than that quaint quilt beneath our feet
That covers o'er the ground below.

The golden leaves, the brown and red
  That charmed us on our lonely way
Have all their glories lost and shed,
  Yet sweet the bright October day.

II

THE early sunlight greets the dewy earth,
  I watch the mists above the meadows lift,
  The ghastly vapors rise above the hills,
And day, in all its fullness, shines abroad.

Mine eyes are dazzled with the sunny scene,
My ear enraptured with the song of birds,
The sweet perfume of flowers and evergreen,
Lifts up my heart, with earnest thanks to God,
Thanks that our Maker renders such to man
With health and nature to enjoy the same.

The morn is new again, the broad high sky
Is bright and beautiful, for day is nigh;
The bright sun dashes over spire and pane
His burning flashes of a fiery rain;
And like the lashes over eyes that speak
A dark cloud's shadow falls o'er morning's cheek.
A thousand tiny throats sing out in glee
To music, without time or melody;
Yet in harmonious keeping, sweet to hear,
And give the stricken heart a sense of cheer.

Pastoral

They know not what is grand, who witness ne'er
  The opening of a bright and glorious day;
They know not what is sweet, who never hear
  The feathered songsters in their morning lay;
There is a charm in nature's loveliness
That man's descriptive pen cannot express.
The eye must witness and the senses share
Would we enjoy it, we must linger there.

Awake, ye sluggards, open but your eyes;
Behold the grandeur of the morning skies:
Arise and listen, lend awhile your ear;
The songster's chorus is a joy to hear.
Come forth, ye laggards, life's best time is lost,
Or wasted thus, by stupid slumbers cost.
A slothful wretch, in truth deserves the rod,
For this offence tow'rds nature and her God.

❦

THOUGH man may culture, with a certain
  pride,
The costly plants that flourish at his side;
The native beauties of the world at large
Are just as grand as those within his charge.
The rose may charm us in its wonted place
With fine domestic training, shorn of space,
But hidden insects will the bloom infest
With all the care acknowledged to be best.

Pastoral

The laurel brown, the chicory in blue
With bushy asters in a sombre hue
Are but the common weeds that ever stand
Upon the broad waste places of the land,
Which all the poor enjoy who own no spot
To plant and water such as they have not.
Thanks be to Heaven that the world is free
To nature's handiwork where'er it be.

The shady forests and the lonely lane
Are clothed in beauty over hill and plain,
Before the budding leaves their show have made
To hide their coming 'neath the falling shade.
The wild flow'r in the spring her color shows
When sunny skies dispel the melting snows.
The winter-green with berries blushing red
Looks up, as through the fallen leaves we tread;
The buttercups and daisies greet the eye
With violets beneath a welcome sky.

Like sweet companions in our quiet walks
That burden not with dull obtrusive talks;
These are the gardens of bright nature's God
That thrive upon the soft and early sod.
The yellow tint, the purple, and the white
Blend in harmonious keeping to the sight,
And as among them carelessly we stroll
They give a rapture to the quiet soul.

Lyrical

Lyrical

SOUTHERN roses brightly bloom,
And spreading vines their shadows throw,
Shedding shade and sweet perfume
O'er the wrecks of long ago.
Pensive mothers kiss their babes,
Sighing still for treasures lost,
Sons and daughters sigh alas!
Dreaming o'er life's tearful cost.

Southern roses still shall bloom
O'er the dust of fallen braves,
Bloom for sons and daughters fair
To decorate their early graves.

Over ruins of the past
Mighty people yet shall rise,
Scorning with a proud contempt
Unforgiving enemies.
Southern roses long shall bloom,
Glad'ning hearts with hope and trust;
Barren fields grow green again
When stolen treasure falls to dust.

Southern roses still shall bloom
O'er the dust of fallen braves;
Bloom upon the mossy mounds
That tell to-day the heroes' graves.

Lyrical

THAN thine, no fairer face I see,
Than thine, no sweeter voice I know,
Than thine, no fonder heart to me,
Why should I fail to tell thee so?
I seek the woodland and the grove,
To hear the birds in all their glee;
I search for all things that I love,
Yet I would rather meet with thee.
Than thine, no fonder hand I press,
Than thine, no favors seem as dear,
Than thine, no form could I caress
With such a source of holy cheer.
The many seasons come and go,
With changes that we need not name.
Oh! what a joy were it to know
That we may ever be the same.

WHEN the Sun of Life is shining,
In days of early youth,
Our moments seem most happy,
And this a world of truth;
The seasons fly like shadows,
When passing clouds flit by:
The sunshine breaking through them
From out a perfect sky.

When the Sun of Life is clouded,
In after years that come,
How great the change that saddens,
The comforts of our home;
The ties that seemed most holy,
Are broken like a reed,
And sighs, most melancholy,
Are suffered in their stead.

When the Sun of Life is setting,
Our days are almost done,
How dreamy is the twilight
Before the night comes on:
But oh! beyond the curtain
That hides that world from this,
How sweet to know the promise,
Of peace and perfect bliss.

O

AH! what in this life is as dear
When the heart by a sorrow is moved,
Or what can be found to check the sad tear
Like the kiss of a mother beloved.
The smile of a friend is a joy
That the heart can most happily greet,
But oh! to the lips of the man or the boy
The kiss of a woman is sweet.

Lyrical

The heart must be callous indeed
If it feels not the charm of a smile
Through sympathy true, by a woman decreed
To cheer us, at least, for awhile.
The man to all feeling is dead,
With a soul that is never sincere
To abide in the world, without love, or the charm
Of the kiss of the woman held dear.

Dark days with their sorrows may come
To the one with a burden of care,
And yet we may find the deep pity of some
Who would offer our trials to share.
The days of our life may go well,
And our fate may most changeable prove.
But oh! to the heart there's a comforting spell
In the kiss of the woman we love.

IN years agone—but all is over—
Then my heart was light,
The darkest days can never cover
Scenes that were so bright.
The vows then spoken, now are broken,
Love has turned to hate,
And we have parted, callous hearted,
Such alas! is fate.

Awake, my heart, and cease thy dreaming,
Life is wearing on,
The joys upon our pathway gleaming,
Fade away anon;

Our happy moments are but fleeting,
  Lasting but a day,
For all the joys we know at meeting,
  Parting takes away.

Awake, my soul, forget thy sighing,
  Fate gives her decree,
And hate survives when love is dying,
  Such is destiny.
Then let thy sorrow wait the morrow,
  Be not dull and sad,
For days are brighter, hearts are lighter,
  When the soul is glad.

SOMETHING seems telling me ever,
  That the charms of existence are few;
  And the heart with a constant endeavor
  Will be seeking for pleasures anew:
But never, ah! never, can time with its givings
Awaken the joys that have lived in the past,
  The friends that have met us,
  When sorrows beset us,
With comforting words, from the heart, to the last.

Nearer and dearer.

Lyrical

Something seems telling me ever,
That the days of the future may bring
All the comforts of life that are clever,
Like fruits from the blossoms of spring;
But the joys of our childhood are sweetest of all.
And the songs at the cradle, a fond mother gave
Will charm us forever,
And sadden us never,
Like hymns that are sung o'er our friends at the grave.
Nearer and dearer.

Q

WHICH is life's most happy season?"
Asked an aged man one day
Of a group of merry schoolboys,
Gathered 'round his house at play.
Some then, laughing, told him "summer,"
Some the spring did most enjoy,
But not a welcome word for winter
Had each bright, light-hearted boy.
Then the old man answer'd, smiling,
"There is joy our whole life through,
But the eyes of boys see never,
As the eyes of old men do."

"Three score years ago the spring time
  Was a happy time to me,
After that I loved the summer,
  With the blossom, bird and bee;
Youth and manhood thus passed o'er me,
  Happy seasons, though they fled,
Now I love the golden autumn,
  With its leaves so brown and dead;
And when comes at last the winter
  It shall find me, happy too,
For when every branch is leafless
  I shall see the stars shine through."

Lyrical

I

I'm dreaming now of Hallie
For the thought of her is one that never dies;
She's sleeping in the valley
And the mocking-bird is singing where she lies.
Refrain Listen to the mocking bird
The mocking bird is now singing o'er her grave
Listen to the mocking bird
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

II

When the Charms of Spring awaken
And the morning bird is singing on the bough
I feel like one forsaken
For my Hallie is no longer with me now.
Refrain Listen to the mocking bird &c

III

Ah well I yet remember
When we gathered in the Autumn side by side
'Twas in the mild September
And the mocking birds were singing free and wide.
Refrain Listen to the mocking bird
The mocking bird is now singing o'er her grave
Listen to the mocking bird
Still singing where the weeping willows wave

By
Septimus Winner

Reproduction of
"Listen to the Mocking Bird"
in
Mr. Winner's handwriting

Cynical

Cynical

RELIGION is a grace befitting all
On whom her spotless raiments chastely fall,
But oh! some don the sainted garb and yet
With such untidy manner in its set
That with their slovenly and careless mien
Pervert the souls that to their cause might lean;
We all prefer, in fact, without constraint,
A haughty heathen to a slouchy saint.

How well it sets upon the forms of all
Who with unselfish aim accept her call,
And strive for good, presuming not reward,
But win by right example man's regard;
Who err in judgment and who go astray,
And those who wink at evil, and condone
The wicked ways of sin in such, and say.
The providence of God is wisely shown.
And credit not the devil 'er for aught,
Because they justify the evil wrought.

But then who knows, the Master may divine
That Satan by his work shall so design
A chain of circumstances that shall tend
To yield at last a good and wholesome end;
And they who lift their voices in the praise
Of evil deeds should mend their crooked ways.

Some are baptized and with converted mind
Accept the precepts to the heart assigned,
Yet vilify their neighbors bent on wrong
With language unbecoming, far too strong,
These should again be dipped, to say the worst,
With open mouth to have the tongue immersed.

Cynical

THE spring grows gardens o'er the sunny earth,
The mind builds objects to the fancy fair,
The clouds float (gaudy banners o'er the skies);
And hearts raise hopes they never realize.

The mother sings her sweetest lullabies
To charm the child upon her heaving breast,
Or rocks with weary feet the cradle bed
To give her darling one an easy rest.

The spring goes by and earth neglects her bloom,
The mind forgets its interesting thought,
The clouds no more their coloring assume;
And hearts sigh on that dreams should go for naught.

Yet "such is life," its comforts pass away
And Death decides our fate, we know not when
His visits will put stop unto our stay,
And end our daily dealings with all men.

But why be sad, there is enough in life
To satisfy the wants of all our days?
The charms of nature, ever full and rife
To sow the path of life with joys always.
The gist of living is denied to some
For hopes of something better yet to come.

BUT three-score years and ten! how brief
the span
Of passing years allotted unto man,
And yet how few to this extent arrive—
It all depends upon the way they live.

The here, and the hereafter most concern
The minds of all what 'er they may attest,
For few there are acknowledging the truth
That taketh root within the doubting breast.
And those who oft deny a high regard
For what may come, to lying clans belong.
Whilst scoffing at a sham morality
They feel, within themselves, a moral wrong,
Is being acted 'neath a thin disguise
Through which the world can see, to their
surprise.

Oh! for the time, the day, when selfish man
Can lay aside his prejudice for race,
For caste, for doctrines and for common creeds
That tend to worry such as have no grace,
But grow distracted ere they comprehend
That no man knows what 'er may be his end.
Fear not what we may merit or deserve
Will be our final fate to all unknown,
He that in Him can place his earnest trust
Will learn to know that God is ever just.
We need no bad instructions in this life
For sin is in our nature from the first,
And wickedness will flourish as a weed
'Til by its cultivation we are cursed.
The good must be instilled into our mind
From infancy and youth, 'til manhood's days,

Cynical

All seed implanted bringeth forth its kind
  Then tarry not in dark forbidden ways.
For nature never varies laws her own.
  We know full well what must the harvest be,
In spirit, or on earth what 'er is sown,
  How 'er we differ as to right or wrong
To just convictions, be ye bold and strong.

THE stars that shine above us in the day
  Unseen by human eye in their display,
  Are like the souls that wander off from
And in another region have their birth;

A brighter orb absorbs the fainter light,
  'Til darkness comes, when they shine in the night;
Just like the talents of some noble head,
  Which are not known until the source is dead.

Death sends the soul upon a journey dark
  With orders sealed and ne'er disclosed below,
Yet there are those who picture to the world
  The outing which they really think to know.

We cannot tell, what 'er we may be taught,
  With what a new existence may be fraught,
We may surmise, and thus our minds relieve,
  In what we think, yet question to believe.

Cynical

We might as well attempt to measure space,
  Or calculate eternity by years;
As strive to tell, 'ere our demise the place
  Or truth regarding life in other spheres.

They tell our characters by means of stars
  From royal Jupiter to fiery Mars,
They read our planets—what delusive hope,
  Unless we live to fit our horoscope.

Ø

THAT truth is "mighty and it must prevail"
  Is now a maxim we acknowledge stale,
  The world is full of foul distorted facts
And life is oft a lie in word and acts.

Some bow to idols and to pain assent,
To save themselves from future punishment,
They leave their bodies in the hands of those
Who for a charge assure the soul's repose.

The ignorant are made to suffer much
For want of common sense, believing such,
But then to those who thus officiate
The cash is needed to retain their state.
Yet educated heads with better sense
Uphold these doctrines with a whim intense,
And leave their fortunes to advance the cause
Without consideration,—or a pause.

Cynical

Show sympathy for weaker minds, possessed
With strong belief, that sainted priests with prayers
Can all their sins forgive, if but confessed
Before the altar to their waiting ears.

What matters it, if thus they may presume
And act accordingly, as they believe?
If through the ways of life they rightly walk
And strive to have no vices to relieve.

Unto the chaste, what 'er may be their lot,
It makes no diff'rence if they can or not;
Or whether they believe it so, or fail
There's nothing then to sanction or bewail.

There is a Judge most merciful and good
Whom human minds may fail to comprehend
To pass the sentence when the time has come
That we must bear through ages without end.

WE sin as easily in manner much
As silly moths take to the luring light,
But there's a motive in the ways of flesh.
To do, and hide, to act, and cover up;
That takes the mind to task far more than all
The sharp requirements to make a saint:

First conscience must be conquered would we walk
In wicked ways and sin successfully,
Or with ourselves must argue and conclude
That they are wrong who find a wrong in aught,
And then console our weak and tortured minds
With whims that have no quality of sense;
But after all there surely comes remorse,
For conscience, to the surface will bring up
All our impurities in one foul scum,
Like flame beneath the sweets we would preserve.

Ah! we are victims all and just the same,
Be our condition good, or what it may,
To just such foul temptations as may come
To steal our resolutions quite away;
Temptation, aye the subtle charmer, comes
To rob us of what goodness we may claim,
She who can conquer best the frail resolves
Of all mankind and well his plans upset.
Temptation! Thou the first to lead amiss
The new young hearts enjoying Paradise.
The first to bring a multitude of sins
And curses on the destinies of men.

Of what have they to boast who have not been
Surrounded by temptations, foul with sin,
As likely to have fallen e'en as those
Environed by the tempter's subtle throes,
How wise the One who gave us in His prayer
The special pleading to escape her snare.

Cynical

ALAS that man should feign to worship God
And serve the devil best in all his ways,
That woman should profess to love the Lord
And hate her sister in a jealous craze.
These render thanks for food before them placed
Yet curse the cook if seasoned not to taste;
Who wait for heaven to provide their shelves,
Yet never lend a hand to help themselves;
Yes, and respect the Sabbath in their way
And dig their bait to fish another day.

Such are the hypocrites we often meet,
Who pray a congregation from their feet;
These are the sycophants who breed disgust
And all mankind are ever loth to trust,
Nor join with them because of this complaint,
While masquerading as a holy saint.

Backsliders cannot offer good excuse
For violating vows they so abuse,
'Twere better never to have made at all
Their high professions, than to have them fall.
'Tis easy to embrace some maxim old,
But difficult its principles to hold,
And thus it is that many oft profess
To own the morals that they will transgress;
They play their cards with ardor, free from blame,
But hold no trumps wherewith to win the game.

Cynical

AVAUNT ye teachers of the olden time
Who seek to win the heart from sinful strain
Through fear of everlasting punishment
And horrid pictures of eternal pain.

These are the men, as tutors, who aspire
And punctuate their arguments with fire;
The fear of penalty makes not its mark
On those who live in sin with motives dark.

Man cannot save the soul of man we know
And pilot it as he would have it go;
But let these matters pass, the most we say
Cannot direct its course another way
From that designed by Him the Scriptures tell
Who seals our fate and "doeth all things well."

We may at times deluded be by those
Who, with their help, our benefit propose,
And hope to capture with their salt, perhap,
A silly bird that enters in their trap.

They offer to prepare a golden cage,
And help assist in what you may engage;
But if the bird be captured, great or small,
They claim the bird, the gilded cage and all.

Then be content for what in life you have,
Nor for delusive dreamings learn to crave;
The comfort of a modest home excels
The pleasures where the giddy stranger dwells;
Depend upon your own exertions then
With independent action toward all men.

Cynical

THE one in love with one's own selfish state
Without a rival seldom finds a mate,
Self-satisfied and proud in vain he seeks
Another just as silly and as weak.

Congenial hearts must differ not in life,
Indulging in an unbecoming strife,
But live in mutual confidence and bliss
To share the joys of such a world as this.

The mild demeanor of a modest maid,
With noble qualities of mind displayed
That all associates may surely scan
Can win the heart and favor of a man.
It needs no language ever to assert
The mutual love denied to those who flirt,
Like solitude the quiet of the hour
Gives dreamy rapture oft, and love her pow'r.

The pride of self in high society
Where money gives the fool a chance to vie
Is but ephemeral, for at its loss—
Its vain significance and all—is dross.
The body is not worth the rag it wears,
And nature's crop is ruined by the tares.

Now in the giddy clans, yes, there are those
Who use their carcass to display their clothes;
And in their hearts presume with strong desire
To have all people envy and admire:
Or like the pea fowl with its plumes outspread
Think that the world with envy bows its head;
From this display few creatures are exempt,
Presuming not 'tis noticed with contempt.

Cynical

THE man who buildeth for himself a vane
Whereby to read the manner of the wind,
Gives oft' a service to his people near,
Far better than the owner first designed.

His neighbor plants within his private gates
The best selected fruit that he may find,
And then impatiently, he longing waits
To test its quality and know its kind.
The spreading branches burdened in the fall,
Too often drop their fruit beyond the wall,
The best he hoped to relish, raised with pride,
Will fall from garden to the outer side;
The toils of life are often spent in vain
To gratify another's lucky gain.

Alas! that we through all our days must build
A dreamy mansion for some future year,
And never chance to occupy its place
Before the last of life is finished here.

To most of us existence is a dream
Of bright and better days beyond our view,
Or stormy season full of cloud and damp,
Without a ray of sunshine breaking through;
Sometimes, at last, when twilight ends the day,
And golden bordered clouds shine in the west,
Too late to give the waiting heart a joy,
The gladdened eyes behold and close in rest.

If we could make our destiny at will,
And circumvent the troubles that await,
We oft are led to think we might avoid
The sad environments decreed by fate.

Cynical

Ah! no, the ills that meet us face to face,
And fill the mind with sad anxieties
Are common unto all the human race;
And he who bears them best is most at ease.
We are all vessels out on life's wide sea,
With conscience, as a pilot, at the wheel,
And if our roving barque is lost or wrecked,
We've lost our bearings through our own neglect.

Q

WE never know until the day is done
What troubles or what trials have yet begun.
The morning breaks with sunshine o'er the plain
The noon may burden us with wind and rain;
Or storms may usher in a dismal day,
Which changing winds 'ere night will drive away.

We sorrow not if early life be sad,
The coming years may make existence glad.
Go watch the clouds with pictures on the sky,
That vary as their forms go flitting by,
The ever-changing tints that die away
And fade at last to sad and dismal gray.

E'en thus in life the months go rolling on,,
With constant changes until life is done;
Our years are almost gone and but a few
Remain to brighten up our hopes anew.

Cynical

Like hills that in the distance seem to rise,
With lofty summits, reaching towards the skies;
As we approach they lose their altitude
That cheated well the eye where erst we stood;
The dreams of wealth by glowing visions fed,
Are seldom realized ere they have fled,
Incessant changes must diversify
Our expectations and our hopes deny.

Satirical

Satirical

A WISE man sayeth that he knoweth what,
A fool will argue what he knoweth not;
And thus contention often must arise
'Twixt shallow pates and those considered wise.

There is no costume made in worldly art
That fools may masquerade as being smart;
Man cannot mimic nor assume a shape,
Without the quality he strives to ape;
Thro' all disguise of garb or tongue we know
The manner of the fool, what 'er his show.

The clan will differ with the class it finds
Of opposite beliefs and bias minds,
With strong endeavor to persuade, or win
With arguments that end where they begin;
One makes not the impression he presumes,
The other stolid in what he assumes.

'Tis hard to change the views of men whose might
Is centered in the cause of doing right,
'Tis only those of vascillating turn
The evidence of truth will coolly spurn;
Embracing all the newest fads and fakes
That fashion with its changes ever makes.

The ignorant with stubbornness maintain
With stern persistence what they ne'er explain,
To make their views and reasoning correct
In any manner that we might respect.

Satirical

One may confess the Earth as being round
To differ not with him of reason sound,
But still maintain with conscience quite at ease,
Not like an orange round, but like a cheese,
He still affirms with argument to prove
The sun revolves because he sees it move,
With such as these we cannot well debate,
Nor change the mind thus settled in its state.

A

A CRITIC is the one who "kens it all,"
And none must deign to differ with his views;
The volume of his sayings, great or small,
We must accept and dare not to refuse.

He is a male example of the sex
That finds a fault where really none exists,
For if the subject should his wits perplex,
Upon his own opinion still persists.

Again the female trait he prides to show,
Discussing matters that he kens not of,
Presuming that his readers do not know
Nor comprehend the work, so far above
The judgment of the common class, who read
Without consideration—which they need.

They dare not to acknowledge in their work
The multitude who differ in their views,
And seem to only shun and coolly shirk
The class who dares their judgment to refuse.

We've heard them speak of flowing harmonies
And noble melodies to charm the ear,
Who should have said of flowing melodies
And noble harmonies so grand to hear.

Now who can rectify those blunders bold?
Or at such vain delusions deign to scold;
Who have no means or manner of redress
By word of mouth or through the printing press.

But critics there must be, let no one fear
Nor for their void conclusions have a care;
For many claim opinions of their own
Too solid to be changed or overthrown.

Ignoble is the man who deigns to fear
The critic's lash, or for his censure care;
The world is wiser than in years gone by,
And we may smile, where erst we learned to sigh.

ALAS! the fact to all is surely plain
Endearing words too oft are said in vain,
They lose in time their early vim and charm,
And when they cease betoken sure alarm.

Satirical

The bride and groom may question what we say,
But man and wife decide another way;
For there are scenes that vex in ev'ry life
'Twixt bride and groom and also man and wife.
The sweetest words are then of no avail,
Where people differ in some slight detail;
But should the storm of passion then abate,
The show of love o'erwhelms the whim of hate.

At first to even call one "dear" or "sweet,"
Or pet names such as "darling" when they meet,
Seems but a passing matter, commonplace,
When years in changed conditions lose their
grace.

The love that lasts and needs no outward show
Nor language to assert what best we know,
With trust and faith in those with whom we dwell
Gives peace unto the soul and all is well.

Mistrust begets suspicion, and a doubt
Inclines the heart to action less devout;
The show of true affection none repel,
And honied words are needed not to tell;
The test of all the holy ties of love
Is faith evinced as on thro' life we move.

Far better to be just with those we meet,
Than with suspicion doubtingly to treat;
Considering as honest those with whom
Our daily dealings force us to assume.

KING SOLOMON was wise when he declared
Out of a thousand women well compared
A truly honest female found he none,
And yet among the men but only one!

We have our happy moments with the sex
However much their manner may perplex;
We have our diff'rences at times, although
Our hearts with love for them may overflow;
Misunderstandings, like the clouds above,
Roll on till those estranged return to love.

The heart of man we need not here rehearse,
The tongue is much the same, inclined to worse.
'Tis not the heart that makes our troubles great
And grieves the soul in sorrow's sadden'd state,
For nature gives to mortals high and low
The best of feelings that she can bestow;
The lips that talk with slander on the tongue,
And vilify their comrades, old and young,
Betray the one unfit for intercourse,
Which in its time results in rank remorse.

The heart must rule our natures for awhile,
But then the tongue her victims may beguile
And lead us to damnation's awful brink,
Where we at last in hidden waters sink.
Men fight as foes, but when the struggle ends
They meet in peace, and live again as friends,
And hide each other's faults the best they can,
With effort to reform the erring man.

Satirical

"A VALE of tears," indeed, how many say
When 'er inclined to feel a little badly,
Should fortune bring a dark and gloomy day
Of moments that appear to creep on sadly;
But every being bears a different way
Life's quaint decrees, some mournfully, some gladly,
And nursing sorrows make them more intense
Man's motto e'er should be "Indifference."

"A vale of tears," 'neath heav'n how many a fool
Grieves o'er the future as a scene existing,
With no determination to take cool
The changes of life's little lot consisting;
But multiplies the coming by that rule,
Which keeps the mind forever quaintly twisting
And winding, as it were, a thousand woes
About our fate that mankind never knows.

But those who for the future ever plan,
Must surely bear an extra weight of trouble,
Anticipating what they seem to scan
But always notice with an aspect double,
Prepare for coming time we never can,
For scenes approach and pass e'en as a bubble,
That on the water's surface quickly wakes
And ere we scarcely notice surely breaks.

How many moments thus do mortals spend
And on the course of time their murmurs squander,
To think their misery shall never end
Nor life e'er grow to their existence fonder;
Nor will it ever seem, alas, to mend,
Long as they sit and mournfully thus ponder
On these events drawn from the dying past
Or shadows by their days of darkness cast.

"A vale of tears," how oft we hear men cry,
The Gospel's ministers both young and hoary,
And then, alas, with what a heavy sigh
They picture often life's delusive story,
And teach us from earth's pleasures now to fly
If we would rest at last in heavenly glory;
Advancing this remark, that those who share
The pleasures of this world shall brook none there.

The earth was given us that we might enjoy
The life that varies so in its duration,
Why should we then be seeking to employ
Eternally some succor from damnation,
Or let the incidents of time destroy
The hopeful dreams of ultimate salvation?
Earth is a brief abiding place we know,
Acceptable to all who make it so.

Satirical

THE traits of humankind are much the same
As those of common brutes, both wild and tame,
Their natures and their manners keep apace
With male and female manners of our race.

Attempt to fondle with a kitten small,
It will refuse to be caressed at all,
And though the effort be renewed again
The motive may be good, but all in vain.

Then with neglect endeavor to discard
The wily creature, without kind regard,
And it will strive persistently to find
A recognition pitiful and kind;
With strong endeavor, even so and more,
For good attention that it spurned before.

At once we know the gender, by the way
Its manners and its nature makes display;
Like feminines in all conditions found,
At least in common life, just such abound;
Her actions and pretentions quaint and terse
Make her to do and say just the reverse
Of what she means, or what she says to-day,
For in the morrow 'tis the other way.

The female trait is shown in ways that tell
In all created things on earth as well,
And man is much in all his features rough,
The character of brute in meaner stuff.
But women may forgive and hold no spite
Yet man we argue with, which ends in fight.

MAN is a riddle woman cannot guess,
A problem she can never hope to solve,
However hard her judgment may be taxed
Through many trials, may her mind resolve;
The true solution seems to reach her lips,
And yet her tongue gives not its utterance;
A new attempt, and yet another still,
Which terminates, at last, just as at first;
With effort after effort backed by hope,
Succeeding not; yet loth to give it up.
She thinks she has it, and with inward pride,
Attempts to prove the wisdom of her work,
Yet finds her calculations gone amiss,
Unwilling to acknowledge she has failed.

Above all traits, man's vanity stands high,
To govern or to dictate is his aim;
Whatever be his sphere, great, high or mean,
He prides himself in being foremost there.
For this the lodge, the church, the club is formed,
And silly practices of olden time
Are mimicked well, or rather, worried through,
Till weary nature sickens at the dose.

The robes of royalty in common stuff,
Are donned and worn by hosts of brainless fools,
Who underneath the rags that clothe their flesh
Feel great as kings in their significance.

Satirical

E'en in a land where royalty is scorned
And titled heads the scoffer's sneer must bear,
The social forms of high society
Are daily sped in senseless shows and shams,
But man, it seems, is constituted thus
The wide world o'er, and needs to be amused;
What better field for his idolatries
If any station he may rise to hold?

The selfishness of man is without bound,
He scans his neighbor with ungenerous heart,
And if a single vice his nature holds
A score of virtues have no evidence.
The sins his brothers carry with their lives
Are whispered to the world with eyes upraised
In horror at their great enormity,
When noble deeds have nothing of report.

We all are blind to faults we would not see
And thus we grope all in uncertainty;
But after all, whatever may be said
Of women and her unconfiding ways,
She knoweth well to guard a silent tongue
When secrets of her own are to be kept;
Those of another trusted to her care
May, like a culprit, venture to escape;
But such as are her own in keeping held
Are buried deep, secluded in her heart.

FIDELITY, thou hollow, empty word,
How dotes the heart upon thy void import,
Though sounding well when fittingly employed
As proper term, to servant, slave or dog;
Yet hope clings to thee like a silly babe
When from its mother weaned, still striving on
To sip a comfort from the fountain gone.

For who can find a heart so full of love
That to the slanders of a jealous world
It yet can turn a deaf, unheeding ear;
And smile in earnest trust, above all fear?

Where is the soul that thro' all vile report,
Will brave the torrent of unwholesome talk,
And dare the fearful wave of evil words
To save its idol reaching out for help.

Doubt is a fiend, who in a winning way
Takes strong possession of the wavering mind,
And with insidious art holds well his sway
Through human weakness over all mankind.
The cost of placid peace is wicked war,
Though not indulged without a telling scar.

We speak of how the heart susceptible
Can find in almost anything a charm,
Of how our prejudices wear away
From objects once repulsive to our sight;
And we appreciate in after days,
Some hated object of our early years;
For it is said in doctrine good and sound
That honey in the carcass hath been found.

Satirical

LOVE is a fever that no drug can break,
A poison that no antidote can cure,
An ill beyond the reach of human aid,
That all at best seem fated to endure.

As children ever have the same complaints,
Which nature forces them to surely bear,
So all mankind, whatever be his state
Seems fated to endure his certain share.

And this is one that reaches well the heart,
And turns the brain with ailings like a craze
The victim suffers with a welcome pain,
Nor finds a remedy to his amaze.

It is a game at which but two can play,
With fair and equal tact when they begin,
There must be cheating somewhere if a third
Can manage so to shuffle as to win.

The heart is won by many a cunning wile,
That tempts it like a truant oft to roam,
But when entranced by friendship's earnest smile,
It long may linger in its native home.

Ah, who can judge the human heart aright,
When lips refuse its secrets to reveal,
Or who can read its story well and true
If we are prone its burdens to conceal.

Incidental

Incidental

A PINHOLE may disclose to eyes far more
Than may be noticed at the open door;
Some little manner of the artful man
Will show a character we blush to scan;
A cunning word meant to deceive, forsooth,
Will open wide the honest door of truth.

Guard well thy lips with care, lest they reveal
And spread the thoughts thou should'st at least conceal;
A pressure of the hand or finger tips
Tells more than volumes from confiding lips;
And little things, unwittingly disclosed,
Unfold the greater traits in us reposed.

One ray of sunshine thro' a darkened room
Will open up its contents 'mid the gloom;
It takes but little to divulge and show
The mind or eye what we would wish to know;
The vision may behold, for actions tell
And minds may comprehend the truth as well.

The flutter of the leaves announce with ease
The early coming of a stronger breeze;
The locust's shrilly song, we hear them say,
Tells surely of a long and torrid day;
The katy-did at eventide will call
That frost is on its way for early fall.

Incidental

We learn by signs and tokens, o'er and o'er,
The coming of events in times before;
Prognostications of the weather fail
Too oft to give us trust in such detail;
We likewise miss, but rarely fail to see
The trend and truth of all humanity.

Q

A NATION hungers after lands galore,
Which, having gained, still hankers after more;
The people thirst for riches, filled with pride,
Which, if attained, are yet unsatisfied,
The heart keeps craving for its fill of love,
Without content—its jealousies to prove.

For better limbs the cripple sighs in vain—
For handsome features oft denied, the plain;
We all lament in discontented mood
For what thro' life in others seemeth good;
The world rolls on forever just the same,
So take it as we may, there's none to blame;
Why should it be so few enjoy the state
In which they live accorded them by fate?

How sweet to be contented as we are,
Let our condition be what 'er it may;
The poor have pleasures of a lowly kind,
And covet not the wealthy in their way.

The best of all enjoyment is to rest
Surrounded by fond nature's rocks or trees,
To sip the water flowing at our feet
And breathe the odors wafted on the breeze,
With rapture in the heart, and thankful mood
To Him the wise dispenser of all good.

A MORTAL man of forty years or more,
Sat idly thinking of his days agone,
And making on his mind a picture fair
Of other times that yet, perhaps, might come.
He was no slave to any sect or creed,
And yet a conscientious, upright man,
Inclining not to any set belief,
But with his trust in one Almighty God.

With earnest faith in prayer and doing right,
A good example to the world he gave;
To dogmas and to doctrines long laid down
In books of strict instructions he was blind,
To worded prayers, and studied sermons made
His ear was deaf, or heeded not at all—
He met his neighbor as a brother should,
And governed well himself accordingly,
Adopting no vain garb to show his bent,
Nor outward mark to advertise his caste.

Incidental

He said unto himself, as many do,
How great in measure is my waste of time,
But chided not himself in thinking how
Those years in better deeds might have been spent,
For manhood at this age, if one be wise,
Knows well the world, with all its wiles and ways,
Which if the youth could fully comprehend,
Would add a thousand sins to his account.

Rags

"RAGS! Rags! Rags!" from the street comes a cry,
"Linen or cotton, woolen or cloth,
Rags! Rags! Rags! am I ready to buy,
For the trade I can give, or the cash they are worth."

"No, nothing have I," cried the maiden so fair,
"My garments are tidy, unsullied and neat,
And all that I own, with pride do I wear,
At home or abroad, in parlor or street;
And what do I care for the cash that would buy
The few tattered shreds I might cast at thy feet?"

"Yes, beautiful rags are thine," said he,
"But thy silken garb were no prize for me."

A mother came out with her small scanty store,
Weak haggard and wan, as pale as the dead;
"O give me," she cried, "what 'er be their worth,
My children are crying and dying for bread;
If it be but a penny or be it a dime,
It may yet afford them a welcome repast;
Haste, give me the coin, tho' small be the mite,
I fear that it may be my all and my last."
"Ah ha!" cried the trader, "I toil not in vain,
When I part with my pack threefold is my gain."

I LOOK from my window and what do I see?
The silk and the cotton, the ribbon and crape.
One tells me of wealth, the other of want,
Another of death, by its color and shape;
All bring out their flags of pride or distress
And tell to the world by their garments alone
A tale that the tongue would fail to confess,
Although by their rags may it fully be known.

The soldier will follow his old tattered flag
And die for the bunting that floats o'er his head,
With a thrill of delight tho' it be but a rag,
He sighs to be wrapped in its folds with the dead.

Rags! rags! rags! strongly bound to the mast
Of what is thy service when wrecked at the last?

Incidental

THAT talent never can be bought for cash,
Nor be developed by the tutor's lash,
Is obvious to all who seek to find
Some latent qualities of sense or mind.
We cannot grow a lily on a weed,
Nor raise a melon from an orange seed;
We cannot breed a bivalve on dry land
Nor cultivate an oak in ocean's sand.
The seed and soil must properly be sought
To thrive by nature's law, or come to naught.

A mule can never amble as a horse,
Its better qualities are lost, of course.
It may resemble much its parentage,
But time its character cannot assuage.
What nature unto life decrees at birth
Is hard to change in anything on earth,
A fool will live a fool, no matter what
His friends may do to clear away the blot.

HE was a noble beast, and from his eye
The lively gaze of life's young vigor shone,
He bayed aloud and to his solemn cry
The echo answered with a doleful tone,
Which mingled with the rustle of surrounding trees,
That waved their mighty branches to the passing breeze.

'Twas quiet night, and from the moon afar
  Pale light came down and rested on his brow.
Alone he wandered, gazing toward each star
  That cast upon his form its silvery glow;
Lost from the herd, lost, victimized and worn,
He shied the chaser's dart, tho' mangled by the thorn.

The silent wilderness he slowly paced,
  And with a piteous and incessant moan
He wandered wildly o'er the barren waste,
  All desolate and drear, all dark and lone;
The wild birds startled from their hidden haunts, rushed out,
And hills re-echoed with their strange and fearful shout.

Lost from the herd, and aching with the pain
  Of wounded limbs the bloody victim fell,
His cry unanswered rent the air in vain,
  And died among the forests of the dell.
No kindred beast came nigh, but near him lurked at bay
The wild and eager bird, close watching for its prey.

The less'ning moon went down, and from his frame
  The impulse of existence died away,
And o'er each muscle, with a tremor came
  The agonies of death and life's decay;
Creation slowly vanished from his glassy eye
And morning shone upon him with a placid sky.

Incidental

Lost from the herd and hastened from the earth
The fated beast, unsheltered, breathed his last;
Ah! could its foul pursuer from his mirth
On such a scene one thoughtful moment cast,
The impulse of reflection might have stung the heart
Of him who wildly hurled the true and cruel dart.

Occasional

Occasional

THE scented grass that beautifies the sod
Makes manifest the bounteous gift of God;
The blooming verdure of the meadow yields
In invitation to her sunny fields.
Like little favors done, it charms the soul,
And adds a comfort to the heart's control.

The gaudy Canna and the modest rose
Each have their season as the summer goes;
The lawn lives green until the winter's snow
To cheer the eye and keep the heart aglow,
It sparkles in the sunshine and the shade,
With dew-wept diamonds on each verdant blade,
When all the choicest plants their bloom have lost,
Killed by the coming of an early frost.

'Tis thus the simple sayings of mankind
May live to edify the balanced mind,
When flow'ry speeches made with vim and pow'r
Are lost within the passing of an hour.
Some little song with unpretending claim
May for its modest author make a name;
Its melody will live from year to year
In simple hearts that love and hold it dear,
When lofty themes heard at excessive charge
Are soon forgotten by the world at large.

Occasional

The sod may make a pillow for the head,
When all the flowery neighborhood is dead,
The simple song its way to lips may find,
When classic themes are seldom brought to mind.
Oh, for the power to please the multitude,
Who best enjoy all nature, grand or crude,
And hanker not for polished gems so rare,
But find a fond enjoyment anywhere;
Life is a vaudeville, we must respect,
Tho' what we fancy critics may reject.

Fame

FAME builds her structure on the acts of life,
To keep the memory of our better deeds,
The work of hands or brain with power rife
Can only hold the favor she accedes;
The noble character of man survives
A reputation that is gained thro' fraud,
For honest purpose is the power that gives
The only standing that we can applaud.

The thief may be notorious for his work,
The wealthy may be known for worldly gain,
As in the heart strong aspirations lurk,
To be renowned for just what we attain.

Our reputation, be it what it may,
Cannot decide the character we own,
Our standing may be good, but we must say,
That standing is not character alone.

And lasting fame with honor that we pride
We all must work for with exalted aim,
With charity and talent, side by side,
Nor act with motives that the world dare blame.

'Tis tact, and talent, that survives the test
Of time in its sure journey evermore,
Or valor great with strong and ardent zest,
Or charity that finds the poor man's door.

These are the stepping stones to lasting fame
That worth and education lead to place,
With lofty honors and a noble name
That ages cannot blot nor e'er efface.

Ø

IF talent could bequeath its store of brains
As monied men can will their hoarded gains,
A class more worthy of the world's esteem
Might rule our race with legacy supreme.
For all the memory of the wise outlives
The monument that wealth unto us gives,
Unless it be for charities designed
As lasting blessings unto all mankind.

The educated brain, with noble thought,
Can lead to higher place the minds untaught,
And elevate the standard of one's caste
That may be held with honor to the last.

Occasional

What are the honors paid to man's estate,
Compared to those whose minds are truly great?
The one whilst living may be known by name,
The other's record, that of lasting fame.
Let those who have not means whereon to thrive
In worldly matters make a name to live,
By study build an honored place to own
That people may respect when life has flown;
'Tis vim and education—they alone
Can lift a beggar to a kingly throne.

Ø

THERE'S nothing on the earth brought forth in vain,
For some good purpose, unto man unknown
A wise Creator builded well His work,
That man's invention never can improve.

The spring that sparkles high above our reach,
Which human effort never can attain,
Will seek the valley, coursing at our feet,
Refreshing all that borders on its flow.

The luscious fruit upon the topmost branch
That eager hands can scarcely hope to hold,
Will ultimately fall, before the one
Who waits until its nature sets it free.

And yet, our truant feet may never meet
The stream that wanders where no soul is found.

The fruit may linger on its native stem
And fall not ever to the grassy ground.

But beasts that haunt the valley's solitude
May drink the cooling waters as they flow,
And birds that wander widely through the air
May feed upon the fruit that glistens there.

Profanity

OF all the evils underneath the sun,
Profanity 's the most disgusting one,
There's no excuse for those who rave and swear
And damn themselves with curses here and there.

Old Satan once a trusty servant sought
That could not with a lie or bribe be bought;
He sent an imp on earth the slums to scan
And seek the soul of an immoral man.

He brought before his majesty a crowd
Of rogues and bankers, with assurance proud,
And daring burglars, with assassins bold,
All mingled with a bad and motley fold.
But none would answer as the proper one,
Because for selfish ends their work was done.

The politician, guardian and thief
Are crooked in their ways beyond belief,
With murderers and drunkards all combined
No proper subject could the devil find.

Occasional

But when the man of oaths at last came on
They took him as a subject good anon,
As he would curse himself without a cause,
Tho' his tirade would gain him no applause.

"That is my man," cried Satan in delight,
Without a recompense he works aright,
Give him position until better paid,
For he has damned himself without my aid.
A knave hath motive in the evil done,
But this deluded monster he hath none."

❦

THE fruit that drops untimely to the ground
Before the bud in season well matures,
Seems like a waste of nature's handiwork
To lose the fruit the blossom oft assures,
And yet withal abundance still we find
To satisfy the wants of all mankind.

Not all the buds that early promise well
Attain a bloom to gratify the heart,
The worm that lurks beneath its silken shell
Too oft destroys the first expectant start.
'Tis thus with lives evincing much in youth
Are first to fall in premature decay,
And soon we find the same acknowledged truth
And learn to school our hearts for sorrow's sway.

Yet there are fruits resplendant to the eye
That shock the taste with their insipid taint,
And flowers that lift their heads beneath the sun
With odor so repulsive, that we shun.

The lowly berry and the blushing peach
Are luscious to the cultivated taste,
The tiny violet and blushing rose
Give pleasure ere their odor goes to waste.

Thus nature balances her scales to weigh
And equalize the favors she bestows,
With weight unstinted and with measure full
She yields enough withal the wide world knows.

We plant and water with a special care
Our favorite flower or fruit for months and years,
And after all our anxious work and toil
Some coming neighbor profits by our cares.

We culture roses an entire year,
To see them bloom for but a single day,
We nurse the tree and vine for seasons long,
And have them flourish not ere they decay.
Humanity, as nature, we discern,
Presents the same true lesson, we must learn.

Occasional

WE know too well that we can never take
Away from earth a mite of golden dust,
For if 'twere possible, long, long ere this
The treasures of our little world were gone
To clutter up the sunny shores of heaven,
Or tarnish in the gloomy shades of hell;
Far better then to use our sumptuous share
Than to keep toiling on in quest of more.

But there are wants we cannot ever buy
With all the wealth that proud success can give,
That peace of mind, so sweet to every soul,
That glow of health, which tints the ruddy cheek;
The heart that we would win yet cannot hold,
Because its love is far beyond all price,
But be it as it may, our true content
Takes root and thriveth best within the purse.

'Tis only those who stand and pride on wealth
That have no better judgment than the fool,
Whose minds are but employed in that one aim
And seek no greater work to show the world;
And pray, who wonders at a man's success
To fill his purse who strives for nothing else;
Self is a God, that Christians worship now
More than the heathen who to idols bow.

We know no man, until he has attained
An easy competence all for himself,
As soon as one can feel that he is free,
Nor knows a favor, that he still would beg;
His native element of character
May then with certain surety be read;
This to attain will silly men incline
To even favor those whom most they hate,
For man's condition often still is such
He must accept the offer he would spurn.

Ah! who can wonder that we hate to die
And leave the best possessions of the world,
When two score years or more hath filled our purse
And made us masters of our own free will;
When all about us that we share in life
Is good to look upon, and to enjoy;
When all we would possess, is at our grasp
And what we have is truly all our own,
The height of satisfaction is to stand
Nor ask a favor, but to give command.

D

HEAVEN makes not matters unto man's desire,
For storms arise when prayers for sunshine fail,
And torrid heats distract his fevered brain,
Whilst hope keeps waiting for a cooling draught.

Occasional

The wants of man are many, and he sighs
For much that is unto his life denied;
His needs are few, compared to his desires,
For mankind never can be satisfied.
God only, knows what for his life is best
And often proffers more than he deserves.

He prays from heaven only what he craves,
And asks not for the boon he truly needs;
Then sighs, that he forsaken seems to be,
Because no answer cometh to his prayer.

He cries: "Oh, Lord, hast thou forgotten me,
That I no favor in thine eyes behold?"
Not realizing in his truant heart
That he, in fact, from Him hath gone astray.

Let those so prone to find a fault with heaven
Give daily thanks for what to them is given,
The crimes of man's neglected duty calls
For punishment more justly than his sins;
Is this not why the prayers of many fail
And die unanswered as they leave the lips?

The violin on which Sep. Winner
composed his famous songs
Made by his father, from wood-work taken
from Independence Hall, Philadelphia

Ironical

Ironical

THEY brought him forth in his garment of blood,
They gazed on him coldly, and gazed with disgust;
They lifted him from the wet, gory flood,
And wiped from his raiments the stain and the dust;
But nobody knew him, tho' wildly they stared,
Yet somebody slew him, but nobody cared.

They laid him out there on the damp, chilly stone,
But turned from him quickly, unthoughtful and cold;
They laid him out on the damp, chilly stone,
And looked on him calmly with feelings untold;
For nobody knew him, yet all wished to view,
Yet somebody slew him, but no one cared who.

Alas for the vagrant who owns not a home,
And begs from each stranger that passeth him by;
With nothing from many, but little from some,
Who pity him only and leave him to die;
Oh, bury him quickly; hide, hide him away,
For nobody misses him, nobody—nay.

SORE-FOOTED and weary the multitude went,
To labor and toil far into the night,
The boy and the maiden, o'erburdened and bent
To strive for existence, prepared for the fight.

Ironical

The army of earth thro' her wide thoroughfare
  Goes marching along on its errand of life,
To battle with destiny burdened with care
  Thro' pleasure and glory, thro' struggle and
    strife.

Vain creatures are silly enough to suppose
  The earth was created for rest and repose;
Well truly it is so if well understood,
  But not till existence hath left us for good.

'Tis then we may slumber away from all toil,
  Beneath the damp sod in the cold earthy soil;
'Tis then that forebodings of ills that may be
  With vacant present'ment mar not our decree.

❦

FULL many maxims of our former years
  Are antiquated lies, it now appears,
  But falsehood deftly told by one of wit,
Will do where truth cannot be made to fit.

The good man to improve his youthful charge
Will on some little incident enlarge,
And with a fancied picture dwell at length
To illustrate his cause with proper strength.

But ask him where this same event occurred,
And not a sentence in reply is heard;
Although his lesson is to those who hear
That truth in word and action should appear.

Our ways go bias to our good intent,
No matter if we cut the way we meant.
To hide our evil deeds we may contrive
To feign a manner tending to deceive,
But circumstances often lead astray
The work we planned to go another way.

Toil

TOIL, toil, till the daylight is set,
And toil till the moon goes down—
The poor man knows no gall like the debt
That worries the heart with the damning threat,
Of the creditor's hellish frown.
Toil, toil when the morning is new,
And toil when the day is bright,
For poverty sits in the poor man's view
And snatches the bite from the lips so blue,
With a hungry hound's delight.

Toil, toil for your wretched one's ease,
And toil for the millionaire's joy,
For what cares he though the limbs may freeze
Or shiver beneath the winter's breeze
The limbs of the man or the boy.

Toil, toil, yes toil like a beast,
And toil tho' thy soul be sad;
For the crumbs that fall from the sumptuous feast
May nourish thy frame a moment at least—
Cold victuals are not so bad!

Ironical

Toil, toil till daylight is o'er,
And toil though thy heart may ache;
For it matters not tho' the frame be sore,
The body must only bear the more,
And thy heart, even though it may break.

TIME is flying,
Our hopes denying,
Some are sighing that friends should die.
I've not any
Among the many;
Why should I, then, why should I?
Life's a blessing not worth possessing.
Friends are few whose hearts are true;
Our beginning was full of sinning
Life's a lie! the whole way through.
Yet what care I?
What care I for fate's decree?
What care I?
What care I? Who cares for me?

Vows are spoken,
Though early broken;
Life's best token soon passes by.
Friends are scattered,
And hearts are shattered,
Vainly sighing, but why should I?
Love, they tell us, is blind and jealous;
Hearts for gold are bought and sold;
Man's a creature of fickle feature;
Woman, too, if truth be told.
Yet what care I? etc.

Doubts awaken,
And faith is shaken;
Hearts forsaken that love too well;
All the pleasure
We learn to treasure,
Brings a sigh to break its spell.
Truth confided to hearts divided,
Wakens care we fear to bear,
Who would borrow from life her sorrow?
Love is lost. Beware! Beware!
Yet what care I? etc.

Ironical

I CLOSE my eyes to all the world,
Its many scenes, its cares and folly,
For sadness surely follows mirth,
As pleasures end in melancholy.

I shut my eyes to all around,
Nor care if joy be lost in sorrow,
For if I smile or weep to-day;
I know 'twill be the same to-morrow.

I close my eyes to all the faults
I find in any friend or neighbor,
My own shortcomings to correct
Gives ample field in which to labor.

Oh, could we all forgive, forget,
The wrongs that seem unjustly meted,
Instead of coldness and disdain
How warmly might we then be greeted.

Sentimental

Sentimental

WHEN o'er the scenes of happier days I ponder,
And dream of joys that are no more to be,
My spirit in fond revery doth wander
Unto thee!

E'en tho' the thought of many a long sweet pleasure
Brings back the hues of life now past away,
Deem not my heart in weaker love doth treasure
Thine, to-day.

And tho' the gloom which from my breast doth sever
Full many a blissful moment, and beset
My daily path with ills. Nay! thee I never
Can forget.

And tho' my mind be dark and melancholy
'Tis rapture but to dream alone of thee.
Is not this deep sensation pure and holy
Love's decree?

I ask—my heart responsive whispers—truly
These feelings ever hath affection prov'd,
And tho' my passions grow at times unruly
Thou art lov'd.

The sky doth change and twilight's dazzling glory
Fades from the Heav'ns in many a changing hue
Not so my heart—thrill'd with love transitory
But ever true.

Sentimental

SWEET moments of my childhood,
Fond dreams of early youth,
When every heart seemed honest,
And every word as truth;
When sunny morns were merry
And sweet the quiet noon,
And twilight had as true a charm
As midnight with her moon.

The reaper's song was merry
All earth a scene of glee,
And life without a shadow
Brought happiness to me.

I remember in my childhood,
How sweet the face that smiled,
When oft' upon her bosom
I rested as a child.
The roses yet do blossom,
And the lilies are as fair.
But every scene hath lost its charm,
Since one is missing there.

The song is still as blithesome,
And earth as full of glee,
But yet there's something wanting—
That makes it sad to me.

Sentimental

THE cheerful bird may take its flight
To other regions far away,
And for a season wander far,
Beneath a bright and warmer ray.
But when the sunny spring again
Renews the tint on tree and fern,
We wait with anxious hearts to greet
The day that brings its sure return.

Its native song is just as sweet,
Its nest of old forgotten never;
But friends who part may never meet,
And love, once lost, is gone forever.

The restless wave may sink away
From river and from ocean wide;
But well we know the coming day
Will bring us back the truant tide.
They tell us life will be renewed,
And we shall find a brighter shore,
When all our mortal days are done
And all our joys and cares are o'er.

We live again a life more sweet,
The tide returns on sea and river;
But friends who part may never meet,
For love once gone is lost forever.

Sentimental

ANOTHER heart may love thee well,
Another hand may rest in thine,
And other lips their love may tell,
In sweeter words than fall from mine.
But could that heart more deeply feel—
That hand a warmer clasp decree—
Or could those lips in words reveal
A deeper love than mine for thee?

If in my path a flow'r I meet,
To charm my eye and cheer my heart,
I pluck the gem,—tho' small and sweet,
To bear to thee, where 'er thou art.
What 'er on earth 'tis mine to own
No matter where my step may be
I seek and hope for thee alone,
To share the pleasure all with me.

Oh! if thou coulds't forever thus
Regard me as thy better friend,
It seems that Heav'n might smile on us
And to our souls its care extend.
If I could claim thee all my own,
Our life a joy might ever be,
For I would court thy love alone,
And earth would be a heaven to me.

Sentimental

OH dreary was the world to me!
"A vale of tears"—of sin and woe.
My weary heart could find no rest,
Where 'er my truant feet might go.
I learned to hate the haunts of man,
And spurned the soul with pity fraught,
For human hearts seemed all deceit
And for a coin were sold and bought.

A spell came o'er me and I slept,
An angel then I seem'd to see,
Who gently said, "Oh! change thy path,
And this thy heart's new mission be.
Go love thy neighbor as thyself
With earnest heart devout and true
Do unto others as thou would'st
That others unto thee should do."

I wakened from my slumber then
Resolved to win the smile of all,
And with a motive true to love,
Induce the charm of friendship's call.
Ah! then I found new joy on earth,
With friends that met my warm esteem,
And human nature seem'd not half
The selfish trait that man might deem.

Sentimental

AN old-fashioned sampler hangs high on the wall,
All faded and dingy with years—
As I gaze on its beauty the past I recall,
And my eyes I find filling with tears.

For I think of the days in the long, long ago,
When mother, with patience and care
Worked long o'er the canvas, calm, steady and slow,
And with her own hands placed it there.

ANOTHER noble head lies low,
To rest with others gone before,
The lips that welcomed us so oft
Shall vouch for us no more!

The path by him so justly trod,
With all the honors man had given,
Shall surely lead him on to God
To vouch for us in heaven.

How many a worthy brother now
In that great lodge of perfect love,
When meeting his familiar brow
Shall vouch for him above.

The rest we seek he now hath found,
The peace we ask he shall attain,
And when we knock his friendly voice
May vouch for us again.